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MORE SONGS AND BALLADS FROM THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS.

BY ISABEL NANTON RAWN AND CHARLES PEABODY.

[FROM a collection of songs and ballads sent me by Miss Isabel Nanton Rawn of Mount Berry, Georgia, I have selected the following for publication now. They seem in large measure not to have been published before. I have added a very few notes.

The songs I-V were secured by Miss Rawn from Ethel Edward; Nos. VI and VII, from Roxie Gay. The references to Child are to the Riverside Press edition of 1000 copies.

In the remainder of the collection are interesting versions of "The Old Rich Merchant," "Lord Randall," and "Barbara Allen," with striking variant readings; e.g., the account of the slight of Barbara Allen is thus given:

"Oh! don't you remember the other day,
When we were at the station,
You passed your hands to the ladies all around,
And slighted Barbara Allen."—C. P.]

SONG BALLET.

With this song compare "The Quaker's Wooing," etc. (Barry, this Journal, 1905, pp. 49, ff.), and "Brown Adam" (Child, iv, 374), also the crescendo of bribes in the song "Oh! Madam I will give to you," etc., sung by the Fuller sisters.

I.

"Madam, I will buy you a paper of pins.
This is the way my love begins
If you will marry me."

"Sir, I do not accept your paper of pins.
This is the way our love begins,
For I will not marry you."

"Madam, I will buy you a little lap-dog
You can take with you when you go abroad
If you will marry me."

"Sir, I'll not accept your little lap-dog,
And I can't take it with me when I go abroad,
For I won't marry you."

"Madam, I will buy you a black silk dress;
It's bound around with golden thread
."

"
.
For I won't marry you."

"Madam, I will buy you old black cow —
You can milk her if you know how —
If you will marry me."

"No, sir, I don't accept your old black cow, —
I can milk her if I know how, —
For I won't marry you."

"Madam, I give a forekin six
Every horse as black as pitch
."

"
.
For I won't marry you."

"Madam, I give you forekin six —
Every horse as white as snow —
."

II.

Soldier life is a dreary life;
It robs poor girls of their heart's delight,
It causes them to weep, it causes them to mourn,
For the loss of a true-love never to return.

"Captain, Captain, tell me true,
Does my sweetheart dwell with you?" —
"No, kind miss, he is not here.
He got killed in a battle, my dear."

"Hand me a chair and I sit down,
A pen and write it down.
At every line I drop a tear,
At every verse cry, 'Willy, my dear.' "

"O father! O father! go build me a boat,¹
That I may on the ocean float.
I hail every boat as I pass by,
And I inquire of my sweet sailor boy.
It on rocks went as I passed by, —
There I let your true-love lie."

¹ Compare for the double address "Lord Randall," etc., *passim*.

III.

This night is almost over,
 It is near the break of day,
 I am waiting for my answer,
 My love, what did you say?

"If an answer I must give you,
 I would choose a single life,
 For I never thought you was fit
 For me to be your wife."

"I hope the ground that you stand on
 The grass will refuse to grow,
 For you have been the reason
 Of my heart overflow."

IV.

Come all you fair and tender ladies,¹
 Take warning how you like young men,
 They will tell you some lovely story,
 Declare they love you true.

Straightway they will go and love another,—
 That's the love they have for you.
 I wish I were a little sparrow
 And had wings to fly and fly
 Over, and when he talked I would be nigh.

But as I am no little sparrow
 And got no wings to fly,
 I wish I were instead a rabbit
 To pass my troubles by.

V.²

"Wake up, wake up, you saucy sleeper!
 Wake up, wake up, for it is almost day!
 Come, peep your head out at the window
 And see what your true-love has to say!

"Go, then! go, then! and tell your mother
 If you my loving bride will be!"—
 "Oh, no! I cannot tell my mother
 And let her know you are near.
 So turn away, love, and cast³ another,
 And it will be the last I will trouble."

¹ For such "Come all ye's" compare Perrow (this *Journal*, 1915, p. 160) and Child (Fair Flower of Northumberland, I, p. 114, 35; and Tam Lin, II, p. 349, G. 1); also a fragment remembered by me, sung by an Adirondack guide about 1880:—

"Come all ye fair maidens, a warning take by me,
 And never build your nests within a hollow tree."

² For this song compare Kittredge (this *Journal*, 1907, p. 260). The last six lines are interlopers. The ballad is mentioned by Louise Pound (this *Journal*, 1913, p. 354).

³ For "court."

"Then go, then, my love, and ask your father
If you my loving bride will be." —
"Oh, no! I cannot ask my father,
For on his velvet cloak he read(?)¹

"All in his hand he holds a-weepin'
To slay the man that I love best.
Oh, don't you see the clouds a-risin'
To hide us from the setting sun?"

"Oh, yes! I see the clouds a-risin'
To hide us from the setting sun.
Oh, won't you be glad when we are blest
With the pleasure, and we both become as one?"

VI.

"Come, little pink, I tell you what I think,
I'll give you a piece of my mind.
You remember sitting by my side
Upon the mountain-top.
You promise, promise, to marry me,
And be my darling bride."

"It's no such of a thing,
It never was in my mind.
It's no such a thing.
It wasn't in the bargain ary time.
If God will spare me until the sun goes down,
I will buy me a bottle of vinichar wine
For to wash your deceitful face."

VII.

[Miss Rawn compares the following ballad with "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" (Child, iv, 426). See also Barry, "The Love Token" (this Journal, 1911, p. 339). — C. P.]

A pretty fair miss all in the garden,
A journeyole (?) soldier passing by.
He did stop and kindly address her
By saying, "Kind miss, will you marry me?"

"No, kind sir, a man of honor,
A man of honor you may be.
Would you impose upon a lady
Whose bride to you is not to be?"

"I have a sweetheart cross the ocean,
He has been gone for seven long year,
And if he's dead, I hope he is happy,
Or in some battle being slain.

¹ For "rest."

“And if he is to some fair girl married,
I love the girl that married him.”
He run his hands all in his pockets
And pulled out rings that she had gave him.

Straight down before him she did fall:
He picked her up all in his arms,
Giving kisses by one, two, three,
Saying, “If I had staid there seven years longer,
No girl but you could have married me.”

MOUNT BERRY, GEORGIA.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.